

# EXHIBIT A

**Letter to the Court from Andra C. Georgescu**

Andra C. Georgescu

The Honorable Ronnie Abrams  
United States District Judge  
Thurgood Marshall  
United States Courthouse  
40 Foley Square  
New York, NY 10007  
Courtroom 1506

Dear Honorable Judge Abrams

Even though it never crossed my mind that there would come a time in my life when I will have to address a letter to the judge in whose hands lies the fate of my husband, I am very thankful to you for giving me the opportunity. I will try through this letter to help you have a better vision of the man behind the defendant Flaviu V. Georgescu.

I met my husband almost six years ago, and a year later I became his wife. Shortly after we met, we moved together, and, with few exceptions, we have been next to each other until the day of his arrest. For four years I lived next to my husband day and night, and I think that that entitles me to say that I am one of the persons who know my husband the best. I know his soul, desires, dreams and thoughts.

Your Honor, I am aware of the charges against my husband and also of the fact that he had been found guilty by the jury at trial. But equally, I know the real nature of my husband, and therefore it is impossible for me to believe that he would be capable of such atrocities. My husband is the kindest and the most compassionate and generous soul I ever met. I know that it sounds hard to believe under the circumstances and looking at the charges, but this is the truth. I wish more than anything that you could know him like I do. I would have liked you to meet him in other conditions so you could see how Flaviu Georgescu is in reality. For him, putting the others first is normal, and he would jump to help you even when you have not asked for help, just if he knows you have problems that he can resolve. He was always there for everybody including family, friends, acquaintances, neighbors, even strangers. He would offer his help without asking anything in return; he was just saying that "the good you make will come back tenfold." I have so many stories that I would like to share with you regarding my husband, but I know your time is short, and I don't want to keep you long. Therefore I will tell one among the stories that touched me the most.

It was one year around Christmas when I and some friends of mine decided to bring some joy into the hearts of some boys and girls from an orphanage house. We planned to gather some things to donate to those poor kids; clothes, books, toys, food, etc. When I got home, I asked my husband to look through his clothes, and what he thinks he will no longer use to give me so that I can arrange in the package for those children. After a while, he came with almost all his new and unworn clothes and told me "these kids will enjoy more some new clothes than those worn already, plus they need these clothes a lot more than I do." The second day he left and when he came back home he brought three huge bags heavy with candies, sweets and special Christmas cakes. In that day I knew that I found the man with whom I want to spend my life.

Your Honor, attending my husband's trial, I noticed that he was portrayed as a wicked man who hates America and its citizens, a greedy man who would kill people for money and for being rich. All these allegations are so contradictory with what I know about my husband and his real feeling about the United States of America. My husband loves and worships this country and its citizens. I first discovered the beauties of the US through my husband's eyes and his stories. I realized ever since we first met how proud he was of being a US citizen and every time he had the opportunity, all he was talking about was how great this country is and how kind, friendly and respectful the people are. He was advising all our friends to send their kids to college in the US, because here, they will have undoubtedly a bright future, and they will always be treated with respect. At one of our first meetings he told me that the USA is the place he calls "home" and here is where he wants to build his family. And he was not pretending; he had no reason to do so in front of me. In fact, I know it for sure, because we had our small fights over this. It was hard for me to understand at that time how can someone consider "home" other country that the one where he was born. One thing that I can assure you of is that my husband loves this country and he would never hurt someone from here or anywhere else. He would not harm anybody for anything in the world, much less for money. To be ready to kill people for money, you must have that strong feeling of hatred deep buried in your soul; you must be born with criminal intentions because criminal minds are born not made. You cannot transform yourself from a human being into a criminal overnight, not even in the length of a year. My husband never was a money-grubber. I do think that the greatest prove is back in 2002 when he helped a US Government Agency for free, even though he knew he could be paid with a lot of money. The main reason why he involved himself in helping the FBI was to show his gratitude to this country and because he always had an affinity for law enforcement and justice field. He always had the ambition to operate in this branch, but his health problems kept him away. I began to discover this side of him soon after we moved together. One day, I tried to use his laptop, and I found that it was locked with an FBI lock screen and password required. When I start meeting his friends, I realized that most of them were working in the law enforcement field as agents, special agents, investigators, detectives, etc. I remember that another day, he came to me and showed me very proudly, one of his old projects, which was to equip all the police cars from Romania with visual and audio signals as the ones from the United States. The police demo car that he made turned out to be amazing. He loved to dress in clothes similar with those of law enforcement agents, and his favorite was a jacket with the US Seal of the

President. I would love to mention, Your Honor, about his biggest project with the electronic monitoring devices for the inmates, where he put so much effort and time. He was so enthusiastic at the thought that he will work in connection with the law enforcement from now on. His project's evolution and every single positive step that he managed to acquire were making my husband so happy and proud. When he succeeded in modifying the Romanian house arrest law and in implementing the pilot program, he knew he is closer than ever to have this project finalized. What I can tell you, is that my husband was always on the side of law and never against it.

Your Honor, both me and my husband came from a decent family, where we were thought to appreciate live with its best moments, rather than money. Money was never a motivating factor for him or us. We never had big and luxury dreams, and we knew to enjoy our best moments together without being rich. The things that made us happy were not expensive Your Honor.

Dear Judge, I am 32 years old, and I always considered that the real beauty of life starts at age 30 when you are ready and mature enough to fulfill the plans you made until then. Like any other woman, I had my plans for us and our future; nothing extraordinary, just reasonable. All I ever wanted was my family, with a loving husband, a small welcoming home and of course one day to bring our little bundle of joy into the world. I was so close to it, but one day, suddenly, everything felt apart, and all I have left are my memories and dreams of us that maybe would never come true. I am so terrified at the thought that from now on our life will never know peace and happiness again. Our new life that started two years ago is deep anchored in pain!

Your Honor, I come before you through this letter begging you to have mercy of my husband. He is not a terrorist or a criminal, nor is he a danger to society. I pray you not to take my husband away and I hope deep in your heart you will find compassion for him, for our parents and us. Since the day of his arrest, I am struggling to deal with everything, but is harder and harder. I need a little hope to keep going, and I implore you to give me that hope by sentencing my husband with the lowest sentence possible. Sending my husband to jail will be like a death sentence for him because of his serious medical condition. Without proper treatment his life expectancy is from five to seven years; a statement which was made by the doctor who made DEXA scan for him last year. Please consider his health condition when you impose the sentence, and don't let my husband die in jail.

Our destiny lies in your hands; I beg you to be merciful!

At this time, I would like to thank you for your time and consideration. I am truly grateful for your reading my letter.

Respectfully yours,

Andra Georgescu

**Letter to the Court from Cornelia & Adrian Runceanu (with Translation)**

Doamna Judecator Ronnie Abrams

Numele meu este Cornelia Runceanu si va scriu aceasta scrisoare in numele meu si al sotului meu, Adrian Runceanu. Suntem parintii Andrei Georgescu si socii lui Flaviu. Va scriem aceasta scrisoare pentru a va face cunoscuta aprecierea noastra asupra lui Flaviu, pe care, de altfel, il consideram deja fiul nostru.

L-am cunoscut pe Flaviu acum aproape 6 ani, cand a venit in vizita cu fiica mea, de ziua sotului meu. L-am indragit inca din prima clipa pentru ca fata mea radia de fericire alaturi de el. Am stat mult de vorba in acea zi, si am fost placut surprinsi de un om pozitiv, sociabil, vesel si foarte manierat. Au urmat multe vizite de atunci, si de fiecare data descopeream lucruri noi si frumoase despre el. Era un om intelligent dar modest; un om cu sufletul deschis, cu care puteai discuta in voie chiar si cele mai serioase probleme. Datorita caracterului sau prietenos si extrem de amabil, s-a integrat foarte repede in familia noastra. In vara anului 2011, copii nostrii s-au hotarat sa isi uneasca destinele, lucru care ne-a bucurat nespus de mult. Am simtit inca de la inceput ca sentimentele sale fata de fiica noastra erau sincere si profunde. Am stiut ca o va proteja si va avea mereu grija de ea. Anii ce au urmat ne-au demonstrat ca nu ne-am inselat, iar casnicia copiilor nostrii era implinita si fericita. Noi i-am ajutat si i-am sustinut in fiecare decizie pe care au luat-o pentru a-si crea un viitor mai bun.

Flaviu este un om cu suflet nobil, generos, care ne-a fost alaturi de fiecare data cand am avut nevoie de ajutor. Ne-am simtit respectati si iubiti de acest om. Atitudinea sa fata de noi a fost exact aceea a unui copil fata de parintii sai. Ne-a fost alaturi de fiecare data, indiferent ca aveam probleme importante si urgente sau doar probleme de zi cu zi. De fiecare data cand ne intalneam, Flaviu ne acorda atentie, statea ore in sir de vorba cu sotul meu si se sfatua cu privire la buna functionare a micii noastre companii de taxi sau a fermelor cu pomi fructiferi pe care le detinem. Desi nu avea cunostinte in domeniile activitatii noastre, el isi facea mereu timp pentru a se informa cu privire la ele, ca mai apoi sa ne ajute sa luam cele mai bune decizii. Sotul meu era atat de incantat de faptul ca avea pe cineva cu care se poate consulta si pe care se poate baza oricand in caz de nevoie. Dar pe langa toate acestea, bucuria si multumirea noastra sufleteasca veneau din faptul ca unica noastra fiica era fericita. Stiam ca avea langa ea un barbat responsabil, matur care o iubeste si o respecta. Eram linistiti cu gandul ca, in caz de ii va fi greu vreodata, Flaviu va fi mereu acolo langa ea sa o sprijine si sa o ajute. Am trait clipe minunate alaturi de copii nostrii si am format o familie mare si unita impreuna cu parintii lui Flaviu.

Din nefericire, bucuria si linistea noastra au fost au fost transformate in clipe de tristete, agonie si zbucium din ziua in care Flaviu a fost arestat. In acelasi timp lucrurile de care era acuzat Flaviu erau de neintelest pentru noi, deoarece el nu ar rani pe cineva nici macar din razbunare. Verdictul juratilor a fost devastator, iar acum asteptam ingroziti sentinta pe care dumneavoastra o veti impune. De aceea, cu sufletul indurerat, va imploram sa nu fiti aspru si sa

aveti mila de Flaviu in ziua sentintei. Parintii traiesc prin copiii lor, iar fiecare suferinta a copilului este de o mie de ori mai grea pentru parinti. Va rugam sa nu ne luati copiii si sa ne condamnati la ani grei de suferinta si singurata. Lasati-ne speranta si credinta ca intr-o zi, copiii nostri vor fi iar impreuna, si mai ales, alaturi de noi. Va imploram sa auziti durerea unor parinti pentru vietile distruse ale copiilor lor, si va rugam tineti cont de ea in decizia pe care urmeaza sa o luati.

Va multumesc si apreciez timpul dumneavoastră de a citi aceasta scrisoare.

Cu aleasa consideratie,

Cornelia Runceanu  
&  
Adrian Runceanu

To: The Honorable Ronnie Abrams  
United States District Court  
Southern District of New York  
Thurgood Marshall U.S. Courthouse  
Courtroom 1506  
40 Foley Square  
New York, NY 10007

Re: Virgil Flaviu Georgescu

November 7, 2016

Your Honor,

My name is Cornelia Runceanu and I write to you on behalf of myself and my husband, Adrian Runceanu. We are the parents of Andra Georgescu and Flaviu's parents-in-law. We write this letter to you to let you know our thoughts about Flaviu, whom we consider to be our son.

We met Flaviu almost six years ago when he and my daughter visited with us on my husband's birthday. We became fond of him instantly, because my daughter was radiating happiness next to him. We talked at length that day and were pleasantly surprised to see a positive, sociable, joyful, and very well-mannered man. Many visits followed after that, and every time we discovered new beautiful things about him. He is an intelligent but modest man; a sincere man in whose presence we felt at ease to talk even about the most serious issues. Because of his friendly character and his amiability, he integrated quickly into our family. In the Summer of 2011 our children decided to join their lives together, a decision which made us very happy. We felt from the very beginning that his feelings for our daughter were deep and sincere. We knew that he would protect her and care for her. The years that passed showed us that we were not mistaken, and the marriage of our children was fulfilling and happy. We helped and encouraged them in every decision they made towards building a better future for themselves.

Flaviu is a man with a noble and generous soul, who was there for us whenever we needed his help. We felt respected and loved by this man. His attitude towards us was precisely that of a son towards his parents. He was there for us regardless of whether we had major and urgent problems or routine ones. Each time we met, Flaviu listened to us attentively, talked for hours with my husband, and exchanged ideas about the good running of our tiny taxi company or about the small orchard we had. Although he was not an expert in our business areas, he liked to learn about them so that he could help us make the best decisions. My husband was elated to have someone with whom he could confer and on whom he could always rely. But above all else, our joy and contentment came from seeing our only daughter happy. We knew that she had close to her a responsible, mature man who loved and respected her. We were comforted by the thought that, should she ever go through a difficult time, Flaviu would be there to help and take

care of her. We lived wonderful moments together with our children and, with Flaviu's parents, became a large and united family.

Sadly, our joy and serenity have changed into sorrow, grief, and worry since Flaviu's arrest. The charges against him were incomprehensible to us, for he couldn't harm anyone, not even an enemy. The jury's decision devastated us and now we are fearfully awaiting the sentence you will give him. With distressed hearts we implore you to be lenient towards him, to take pity on him. Parents live through their children, and each of their children's suffering is many times amplified in the parents. We beg you not to lock away our child and condemn us to years of heavy suffering and loneliness. Please give us the hope that our children will be together again and close to us. We beseech you to hear the parents' anguish for the destroyed lives of their children. Please remember this on the day of sentencing.

We are grateful to you for your time.

With deepest respect,

Cornelia Runceanu  
&  
Adrian Runceanu

**Letter to the Court from Florea Ciobanu (with Translation)**

Onorata Instanta,

Ma numesc Floarea Ciobanu si sunt mama lui Flaviu Georgescu. As vrea sa incep prin a va multumi pentru atentia acordata scrisorii mele si mai ales pentru ocazia oferita de a va scrie aceste randuri. Va scriu cu speranta ca, dupa ce veti citi aceasta scrisoare, il veti cunoaste mai bine pe baiatul meu si veti descoperi un caracter nobil si un suflet bland.

Am fost binecuvantata cu acest copil dupa zece ani grei de chin in incercarea de a deveni mama. Fiind un copil atat de dorit i-am oferit dragoste nemarginata , dar l-am crescut cu obiceiuri virtuase, corecte si demne. Flaviu a fost un copil bun, cuminte, si vesel. Inca din primii ani ai copilariei a dat dovada de onestitate si responsabilitate. Intrebat, ca fiecare copil, ce vrea sa devina cand va fi mare, el raspundeaua intotdeauna “politist” pentru a-i proteja pe oamenii batrani si neajutorati de hoti si de oamenii rai. La scoala a fost tot timpul un copil exemplar, constiincios si cu note bune, fara a cauza probleme. De cele mai multe ori se intorcea singur de la scoala si pana veneam noi acasa, el isi facea temele, ca mai apoi sa aiba timp liber, pe care sa-l petrecem impreuna. Era un copil sociabil, darnic si generos, chiar daca era singur la parinti. Am fost surprinsa sa aflu intr-o zi, ca aproape fiecare pachetel pe care i-l dadeam la scoala, el il daruia unui om batran si sarman care ceresa uneori la coltul blocului nostru. Intr-o zi, cand ne intorceam impreuna de la scoala, mi-a spus ca nu i-a fost atat de foame si nu a mancat mancarea pe care a avut-o la el. Apoi mi-a cerut voie sa o dea batranului de la coltul blocului. In urmatoarea zi, batranul m-a oprit si mi-a spus ca Flaviu ii daruieste mancarea lui de fiecare data cand il intalneste, laudandu-l pentru sufletul lui bun si marinimos.

Ca adolescent, copilul meu a fost la fel de bun, constiincios, cumpatat si determinat sa isi finalizeze fiecare proiect inceput. Dupa terminarea liceului a intentionat sa dea examen pentru a intra la Academia de Politie. Examenul de admitere era format dintr-o proba teoretica si una practica, care presupunea un efort fizic destul de mare. Datorita unei sensibilitati a organismului capatata in urma unei hepatite B din copilarie, i-a fost interzis de medici sa dea proba practica a examenului. A ales apoi sa-si continue studiile la un alt liceu din capitala Romaniei, urmand in plus cursuri de informatica si tehnologie din cadrul altui Institut. Dupa terminarea liceului i s-a oferit un post de manager la Hotelul Bucuresti, unul dintre cele mai renumite hoteluri in vremea aceea. A fost un angajat exemplar, toata lumea fiind impresionata de meticolozitatea cu care se ocupa de fiecare lucru in parte. Era iubit si admirat de colegi atat pentru generozitatea sa, cat si pentru daruirea cu care sarea in ajutorul celor aflati la nevoie.

In jurul varstei de 25 de ani, Flaviu s-a hotarat sa viziteze Statele Unite ale Americii, ca mai apoi sa decida ca vrea sa ramana acolo pentru a-si crea un viitor. M-am bucurat si l-am sustinut cu toata puterea sufletului meu, desi stiam ca dorul de copilul meu ma va coplesi. Mi-a fost foarte

greu sa il stiu departe, dar auzindu-l mereu fericit si multumit de traiul de acolo, grija si nelinistea au mai disparut. Intre timp, eu si sotul meu am plecat de la oras si ne-am mutat la tara. Cu trecerea timpului am ajuns la batranete, bolnavi si neputinciosi, iar copilul nostru s-a intors acasa pentru a fi langa noi si pentru a ne oferi tot ajutorul de care aveam atata nevoie. A avut grija mereu sa ne duca la cei mai buni medici, sa avem cele mai bune tratamente medicale si sa nu ne lipseasca nimic din toate cele necesare. Eram cei mai impliniti si fericiti parinti, si nu ne gandeam nicio clipa ca un lucru atat de tragic avea sa ne umbreasca fericirea pentru totdeauna.

Doamna judecator, arestarea fiului nostru a fost cel mai devastator lucru care ne-a zdruncinat vietile intr-un mod cumplit. In ultimii doi ani, din ziua arestarii lui si pana in acest moment, eu mi-am vazut copilul doar o singura data in Montenegro; in America fiindu-mi imposibil sa ajung. Starea grava de sanatate imi interzice zborul cu avionul. Dorul de copilul meu imi sfasie inima si m-a ingenuncheat. Traiesc clipe de agonie stiind ca as putea sa mor fara a-mi mai vedea copilul odata. Onorata Instanta, stiu ca juratii l-au gasit vinovat pe fiul meu, dar cand l-am vizitat in Montenegro, el mi-a jurat ca intentia lui a fost una buna si ca nu a vrut decat sa ajute tara dumneavoasta. Mi-a jurat ca este acelasi copil bun, cu suflet mare, pe care noi l-am crescut cu atata dragoste.

Doamna judecator, urmeaza sa imi condamnati fiul. Va implor, ca atunci cand veti decide sentinta, sa va ganditi si la o mama singura, a carei ultima dorinta este sa isi stie copilul liber inainte de a parasi aceasta lume. Cu doua saptamani inainte de a va scrie aceasta scrisoare, sotul meu a decedat. Altfel v-ar fi scris si el... A murit rapus de boala si de durerea din sufletul sau pentru situatia fiului nostru.

De asemenea, v-as ruga, ca atunci cand il veti condamna pe fiul meu, sa luati in considerare si situatia mea prezenta. Locuiesc intr-un sat, la tara, mult prea departe de oras. Anul trecut am suferit un atac cerebral, in urma caruia am ramas cu partea stanga a corpului paralizata in proportie de 80%. Necesit vizite si interventii medicale periodice, dar odata cu decesul sotului meu, ma aflu in imposibilitatea de a ma mai deplasa la spital. Fiul meu a ramas singura sursa de ajutor, si de aceea va implor sa aveti mila atat de el, cat si de mine, in momentul condamnarii. Va rog, sa tineti cont de faptul ca Flaviu, a fost si este un om cu un suflet bun, un om generos, admirat si iubit de multa lume. A fost un copil care a fost educat in spiritul legii, fara a avea vreodata vreo problema cu ea. In curand se apropie Craciunul, care nu mai este un prilej de bucurie pentru mine. Dar v-as ruga sa imi dati sansa de a mai petrece un Craciun alaturi de fiul meu.

Va multumesc din suflet pentru timpul acordat.

Cu mult respect,

Floarea Ciobanu

To: The Honorable Ronnie Abrams  
United States District Court  
Southern District of New York  
Thurgood Marshall U.S. Courthouse  
Courtroom 1506  
40 Foley Square  
New York, NY 10007

November 7, 2016

Your Honor,

I am Floarea Ciobanu, the mother of Flaviu Georgescu. I thank you for your attention to this letter and for the opportunity to write it. I write with the hope that, after reading this letter, you might get to know my son better and discover his noble character and gentle soul.

I was blessed with this child after ten difficult years of trying to become a mother. Since he came after so much struggle and was so dearly wanted, I gave him boundless love but I also instilled in him virtues and righteous and dignified habits. Flaviu was a good child, well-behaved, and joyful. From his early childhood on, he showed a sense of honesty and responsibility. Questioned, as all children are, about what he would like to be when he grew up, he always answered "a policeman," to defend the old and helpless against thieves and evil people. In school he was always a model student, conscientious and getting good grades, never causing any problems. Often he would come home from school by himself and by the time we got home from work he had already finished his homework, in order to have free time to spend together with us. He was a sociable child and generous, even though he was an only child. I was surprised one day to discover that almost every school lunch box I gave him he would give away to a poor old man who sometimes begged near the apartment building where we lived. One day when we were walking home together from school he told me that he had not been really hungry and had not eaten his lunch and was still carrying it with him. Then he asked me to let him give it to the old man from the street corner. The next day the old man stopped me to tell me that Flaviu gave him his school lunch whenever he saw him, and he praised my boy for his good and generous heart.

As a teenager, my child continued to be a good, conscientious, and thrifty boy, determined to bring every project he started to a good end. After graduating from high school he planned to take the entry exam for the Police Academy. The admission included a theoretical examination and a physical test, the latter demanding considerable physical strength. Because he had a physically frail constitution as a result of hepatitis B contracted in childhood, the physicians did not allow him to take the physical test. He continued his studies in Bucharest, the capital of Romania, and took information technology classes at a specialized institute. When he graduated from the vocational school he was offered a position as a manager at one of the best hotels in those days, the Bucharest Hotel. He was an exemplary employee and impressed everyone with his

meticulous care in each and every one of his duties. He was loved and admired by his co-workers for his generosity as well as his selflessness in helping those in need.

When he was about 25 years old Flaviu decided to visit the United States and determined to seek to immigrate to that country and try to make it there. I was happy for him and supported him with all my heart, although I knew that I would miss him terribly. It was very hard for me that he was far away but, hearing from him that he had found his way and was happy there, my worries and apprehensions diminished. Meanwhile, my husband and I left the city and moved to the countryside. As time passed, we found ourselves old, sick, and weak, and our child returned home to be near us and to give us the support that we needed so much. He always took us to the best physicians, paid for the best medical treatments, and made sure that we lacked for nothing. We were the happiest and most grateful parents and never thought that such a tragic thing would darken our joy forever.

Your Honor, our son's arrest was devastating for us and it has horribly shaken our lives. In the last two years, since the day of his arrest and until now, I have seen my son only once, in Montenegro. It is simply not possible for me to travel to the U.S. My bad health makes it impossible for me to travel by plane. The longing for my son tore my heart and crushed me. I go through unspeakable torments thinking that I could die without seeing him again. Your Honor, I know a jury has found my son guilty. However, when I saw him in Montenegro he swore to me that his intentions were good and he only wanted to help your country. He swore to me that he was the same good big-hearted son we raised with so much love.

Your Honor, you have the power to sentence my son. I beseech you to think of his lonely mother when you sentence him, a mother whose last wish is to know her son is free before she leaves this world. Two weeks before writing this letter my husband died. He would have wanted to write to you as well. He died overwhelmed by illness and by his sorrow for our son.

Your Honor, when you sentence my son, I beg you to also think of my present state. I live in a village, far from town. Last year I suffered a stroke that left me 80% paralyzed on my left side. I need regular medical check-ups and treatment, but since the death of my husband I can no longer go to the hospital. My son is my last resource, and I implore you to take pity on him, and on me, when you sentence him. Please, take into account that Flaviu was and is a person with a good heart, generous, admired and loved by many. He was a child educated to respect the law and never before had any problem with it. Christmas is coming, and I can no longer find any joy in it. I beg you to give me the chance to spend one more Christmas with my son.

I thank you for your time from the bottom of my heart.

Respectfully,

Floarea Ciobanu

**Letter to the Court from Gabriel Ciobanu**

October 24, 2016

To Whom It May Concern:

My name is Gabriel Ciobanu. I have been a resident of Nevada since August 1997. I am the cousin of Flaviu Georgescu. I hosted Flaviu on his first arrival in the US, where we lived for a short period together in Hackensack, NJ. We grew up together in Romania, where we were raised with the values of a strong family, very hard work, and making sacrifices to survive the communist system, all while providing for our families.

While I was working as a gymnastics coach under contract in New Jersey, Flaviu moved to Vegas where he started a business in IT. He used his connections with some specialists from Romania to service his IT customers. After so many unsuccessful attempts here in Vegas, he considered an import export company would be better for him, hopefully giving him the opportunity to spend more time with his aging parents. While traveling back and forth, Flaviu given an opportunity to provide equipment for Romanian penitentiaries thru a company from Utah.

Prior to his arrest, we opened a business together, Zenyth, importing a health product from Romania, which was approved by the FDA. Between the new business and his parents he needed to spend more time in Romania. We kept in contact via phone and email. When he visited Las Vegas, he always stopped to see us, spending time with my son, my wife, Heather, and my two step-children A. [REDACTED] and S. [REDACTED]

We have so many friends in common here in town, and they are all excited to see him because he was helping them and their families.

Talking a few times before Flaviu was arrested, he expressed his gratitude to be an American citizen and what an opportunity to live and grow a family with his wife, Andra. Back home there is a lot of corruption and things move slower than he remembered after the 1989 revolution. He always said, "to have a small mortgage and a pay car with a 3000\$ salary, you live like no other place in the world here in the US".

Time went by and we heard of his arrest in Montenegro. His parents were devastated by the news we all hoped it was a mistake and no one understood what happened. Now after we realize how serious the accusations are and how much drama this situation has brought to our families we are devastated. Flavius loves this country and the American people. Flaviu never had any intention or

thought to bring harm to anyone.

The case is in your hand and we have no power to change anything from his case or the situation his parents have gone through. His father just passed away on October 13. His mother is sick and alone with no mobility, and no children other than Flaviu to help. His wife, Andra, works hard and lives near him so she may visit once a week. His friends are shocked by the accusations and are in hopes of a miracle. I know the only hopes of a mercy he'll receive is a reduced sentence. I believe this will help rebuild his hope again, and to build and raise a family to be remembered by the future generations.

Love & Respect,

Gabriel Ciobanu

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Gabriel Ciobanu".

**Letter to the Court from Ionela Rus**

Ionela Rus



Your Honor,

Thank you for the opportunity to submit this letter for supporting Georgescu Flaviu Virgil, who is passing through a very difficult period in his life.

My name is Ionela Rus, and I'm writing this letter both in my name, as well in my family behalf, especially my son, Alex Roberto Rus.

I could start this letter by making a short turn in the past, more exactly in 1994, the year we met with Georgescu Flaviu Virgil. At that time, me and my husband were young married in a small provincial town in north of Romania, trying to develop a family business which my husband started in 1992. In that period, Georgescu Flaviu Virgil was in our town – Bistrita – together with his father, who was employed by an international company and was involved in developing a project in our city. As the town was small, through a mutual friend we met with Flaviu, a young man at that time, who proved to be a real support for our regular trips to Bucharest and also a moral support in our quest to develop our business. Flaviu offered us support with accommodation in his parents' apartment they owned in Bucharest, as we couldn't afford any hotel accommodation. Flaviu and his parents were really supportive in that difficult period for us, without asking for any money in return for their help. Flaviu's mother was a modest and faithful woman, and she was really happy to be able to help people in need. Later on we found out that there were more people helped by Flaviu and his family.

Our friendship continued from distance, in 1995, as our family increased with the birth of our son Alex Roberto Rus and we spent more time in Bistrita.

I was also surprised by the character and personality of Flaviu, when my husband associate, had a complicated neck surgeon intervention, and Flaviu was beside him day and night in a hospital in Bucharest. His mother was cooking daily diet food for my husband's associate, even if we had a strong financial situation at that time and Mrs. Florenta didn't have to make this daily effort. But, as I stated in the beginning of this letter, both Flaviu and his mother were pleased in helping their friends.

After the departure of Flaviu to USA, our contact was only on telephone, with short visits when he came in Romania and we were also in Bucharest.

On Christmas 2013, our son, Alex Roberto Rus, who was studying as a freshman in a Business-Finance College in London, came home with a rebel attitude. His behavior generated concerns for me and my husband about letting him live in a city like London by himself, as he was staying in a student dorm. At the same time we were also considering his academic future, and the importance for Alex to continue his studies for his future career. For these reasons, we considered that it would be more suitable for Alex to live with a family, and for me and my husband to be near him and support him to finish and graduate college in London. The only person we took in consideration at that time, both me and my husband, was Falviu, knowing that he had a very strict and disciplined life routine in all its aspects – healthy alimentation, he didn't smoke or drink alcohols.

Being aware of these qualities, we contacted him by phone, asking him to take in consideration moving to London with his wife and our son, for guidance and support Alex on his way to graduation. Flaviu's wife was in cosmetic industry and was easy for her to find a good job in London. We relied on his way of being, his will to help and support people in need. And at that time we were having serious problems with our son Alex, as he was on his way to quit his studies.

After this proposal, Flaviu and I went to London, we met with Alex's tutor at his college, and after a discussion with the tutor, and he agreed to help us by moving to London with his family and live in rented apartment with Alex. As they lived together, Flaviu was checking Alex at school on weekly basis, talking with the tutor, and monitoring Alex's academic progress. Flaviu was not tolerating any deviation from Alex's school schedule, hygiene, cooking and cleaning. Even if Flaviu was very exigent with our son, Alex became much attached to him, as Alex appreciated his honesty, correctness and punctuality.

The respect and the strong unselfish attachment was proven to us in March 2014, when Alex suffered a triple fracture at his leg, and during hospitalization, the only person he wanted beside him was Flaviu, who stood beside him day and night. Then I saw once again Flaviu's selfless character and his will to help his friends in their difficult periods.

During all this period, Flaviu instill in Alex the will to follow his academic studies, the will to be right. Flaviu also convinced Alex that he is not prepared for driving school, because he was too impulsive and rebel and could easily cause an accident if Alex was climbing behind the wheel nervously. Flaviu promised Alex that if he goes to sport and become more disciplined and responsible, he would find the best auto instructor for Alex. They were having numerous discussions about how Alex can avoid bad entourage, how to become more responsible, as any mistake you make during youth, can affect you in a long term period.

I can frankly and sincerely state that Alex had one of his best periods of his life as well academic, psychic and physic aspects, when he lived together with Flaviu and his wife.

As the academic year finished in May 2014, we spoke over telephone many times with Flaviu, and in October 2014 we met in Bucharest.

In December 2014 we saw at News TV, together with all other people, that he was arrested in Montenegro, together with another Romanian and an Italian for arms trafficking. The shock was enormous, as we would never imagine Flaviu in such situation. Please believe us that no parents would like such mentor for his child, and all the qualities that Flaviu proved during this 22 year friendship were not suitable for a person involved in arms trafficking.

Knowing Flaviu for over 22 years, knowing his parents, we are praying for a second chance for his life. We are aware that Flaviu was found guilty of terrorism by the jury, and it is beyond our capability of accepting that Flaviu is capable of such actions. We trusted him with our son life 2 years ago for his proven qualities and we were not disappointed by him. Knowing Flaviu's correctness, we are sure that he would try really hard to straighten the mistakes and misunderstandings that led him in this situation, if a second chance will be given.

Thank you for the opportunity you offered me to present Georgescu Flaviu Virgil as I know him in over 22 years of friendship.

May God bless all of us

**Letter to the Court from Mihai Vasilescu**

Honorable Ronnie Abrams  
Thurgood Marshall  
United States Courthouse  
40 Foley Square  
New York, NY 10007  
Courtroom: 1506

Re: Flaviu V. Georgescu

Honorable Judge Ronnie Abrams

My name is Mihai Vasilescu and I am writing this letter to assist you with an appreciation of my friend Flaviu Georgescu, who will be sentenced by Your Honor on 2nd December.

I met Flaviu first time, fifteen years ago in Las Vegas and since then we have been very good friends, and we had a close relationship. We spent a lot of time together when he lived here. He joined my family many times with different occasions; dinners at my home, outdoor activities with my two daughters, trips, and many others. While he was in Romania, we were also in touch by phone or emails most of the time. I know Flaviu to be a very kind and generous person. He is somebody you can rely on in any hard situation. He would never say no, and he would do his best to help and assist you with any problem. He is a true friend and everybody should be lucky to have him as a friend.

I still remember, two years ago, the day when I heard the news about him. I was shocked. It was unbelievable, and I thought that somehow there is a mistake. As much as I know Flaviu, he would never be capable of such horrific things. He always expressed his happiness for having the chance to come and live in the US. Even when he went back to Romania to work on his project with tracking devices and electronic monitoring for inmates, he was always saying how much he misses the US. I remember his excitement, a while before his arrest, that the house arrest project was close to being done and that he will soon be back in the US with his wife. Reading the news articles about him, I saw a distorted image of Flaviu that I know. I know him to be a man with a great character and soul, dedicated and well-intentioned always.

It is a tough time for all of us, but mostly for his family. It is extremely hard for them to deal with this horrible situation. Unfortunately, another tragic event happened a while ago in his family. His father passed away. The death of his father made the situation even harder for them, leaving his old mother all alone there with nobody to take care of her. I know Flaviu to be the only caretaker for his parents, and while he was in Romania, he was often saying that he is happy to spend time with them in their last years of life.

For all the reasons stated above and because I truly believe that Flaviu deserve a second chance, I would kindly ask you to be lenient and compassionate when sentencing my friend.

Thank you very much for your consideration.

Sincerely

Mihai Vasilescu